

Better with Age by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

Anon Requested: If you don't mind, would you write a NSFW Hopper x Reader where the reader is younger, 22-23, and Billy takes an interest. Reader chases him off but Hopper's a tad jealous and concerned that maybe he is too old for Reader so Reader has to reassure him she loves him? Also any family fluff with Eleven would be icing on top!

Better with Age

Author's Note:

Most of this is Fluff, the NSFW part is at the very end. Thanks for reading!

You leaned in the counter at work. The diner was always dead this time of day, only a few elderly gents and ladies hung about, sipping coffee and reading or playing chess. In between checking to make sure they were all taking care of, you wiped down the counter and let your mind drift off, thinking of a certain Chief Jim Hopper and what he might be up to right now.

You and Hopper had been seeing each other for a month or so now and honestly you couldn't even think of dating someone your own age again. You knew he struggled with what people might think of him dating a younger woman and his own insecurities about being older, but you were happy for the first time in a long time.

It was around 3:15 in the afternoon when Jane came into the diner, as she did everyday after school to hang out with you instead of being alone at home waiting for Hopper and you to come home.

"Where's the rest of the gang, Jane?" you asked her, sliding an ice cold chocolate milk in front of her.

"Home," she said, taking a sip, "They had lots of homework."

"Aw, don't think I don't know you have the same work to do, Janie, I know you're in the same classes."

"I know," Jane smiled at you, pulling her books out of her backpack. You smiled, rustling her hair and bouncing off to serve someone else.

"How are you liking school?" you asked when you came back to Jane.

"Boring," she sighed.

"Oh, come on! There has to be something fun about it?" Jane went on to talk about science class with Mr. Clarke. It seemed like she was really into it like her friends were. You were glad that she had such good friends to be with in school that encouraged her to learn.

It hadn't been that long but Jane already took a liking to you. You were always there when Hopper couldn't be and you understood a lot of her homework so you could help her after school. The fact that you always had chocolate milk and waffles waiting after school helped too.

The rush started when a few groups of teenagers flooded in. The waiters took orders and you made sure the cooks got them, serving ice cream and milkshakes from behind the counter as well. You wondered if the hormonal teenage boys knew you could tell they were staring.

One in particular, who was new to Hawkins, seemed to think he was smooth as hell. He walked up to the counter and gave you a smug

smile.

“Hey,” he said, “I’m Billy. Billy Hargrove. What’s a fine doll like you doing working at a dump like this?”

“This doll, happens to like this dump, Billy,” you only looked up from the coffee pot you were pouring when you said his name, to emphasize your sass. “And for the record, my name is Y/N, not doll.”

“Huh, a little attitude you got there, y/n.. I like that in a woman. What are you doing after work? Wanna come out for a drive?”

“Sorry, Hargrove, I stopped seeing seniors when I graduated high school...”

“Well you know I’m graduating I’m a few months...maybe we,”

“Do I have to be rude? I don’t date womanizing, abusive trash.” you slammed down the plate in your hand and grabbed his collar, bringing him over the counter, “I have eyes around this town, kid, and don’t think i don’t know how you treat your kid sister or anyone else for that matter. You wanna act tough like an adult now that your legal? Then expect to be tried as one in the Hawkins Police Department when I call you in for sexual harassment.” you tossed him back, making him stagger and almost fall. He scoffed, shaking himself off before running out the door. A few onlookers cheered before going back to their meals and you huffed, deflating your puffed up chest.

“Mouth breather,” Jane said when you walked back to her.

You laughed, “No kidding.”

“If dad did not say to be careful of my ‘gift’ he would have left here crying with pie in his face.”

You busted out laughing, leaning on the counter in front of her, “Now, Jane, remember, we don't waste good pie on trash like that guy!” you both had a laugh before getting back on service and homework.

That night, Hopper had called the diner to let you know he would be late coming home so you offered to give Jane dinner at with and take her home after your shift ends at 9 and he offered for you to stay the night.

Since it was a Friday night, you and Jane stopped by the video store to pick out a VHS to watch together at the cabin. After much thought, you both decided on some good old Star Wars, since Jane had only seen the first one.

When you got home, you made some popcorn and sat down with Jane to watch the movie. At around 11, Hopper came home, exhausted but happy to see both you and Jane. He gave Jane a

squeeze first and then a kiss for you.

“Star Wars, huh?” he said, sitting next to you on the couch, “You ever watch anything else, y/n?”

You playfully slapped his arm before leaning into him. He put his arm over the back of the couch behind you.

“Y/N scared this mouth breather at the diner today,” Jane said, giggling.

“You what?” Hopped asked, looking at you

“That Hargrove kid tried to make a pass on me, it was nothing I couldn't handle.”

“That happen before?”

“Not with him no, a few other young high school punks who think they are all that but, you know, that shit don't work on me.”

You regretted using the word young as soon as it came out of your mouth. Hopper sighed when you said it. “I see.”

When Jane went to bed, you and Hopper went outside to sit on the porch and smoke.

“You, uh.... You sure you're not into those... greasy younger guys?” Hop asked, lighting his cigarette.

You sighed, “Hop...”

“I'm no good for you... I'm always busy, I can't go be wild and free like you should be doing... my damn... body is slowing down, Y/N, I have no idea what you see in me and why you're still around.”

You looked down at the cigarette in your own hand, nodding your head, “I don't.... Want those things... look, Jim, I know I'm only 23, but I just know what I need right now... I've been on my own since before I graduated high school, I was forced to grow up young, I don't want those ‘pretty boys’ who can't even take care of themselves..... I want you, Jim Hopper....”

Hop looked like he might cry when he turned to look at you. He reached over and pulled you into a kiss, “I love you....”

Your breath hitched in your throat, this was the first time he's said this. “Jim... I love you too.” He kissed you again, deeper this time. He put out his cigarette, yours following and pulled you inside, straight to the bedroom where he practically shoved you on the bed.

Something in him sparked and awoken this wild side of him you could see in his eyes, this burning need to have you right now. He stripped himself, as you did yourself, and climbed over you like the proud lion he was.

In all the times you fucked before, you never saw him like this. He was so much more confident and driven in his actions. He propped himself up on his hands over you, kissing your lips, down to your neck and chest and god he would kiss you everywhere, cherishing your skin and worshipping your body.

“Oh, Jim,” you mewled quietly, running your hands through those unruly tresses as he found the inside of your legs. His tongue flat against your folds, pressing into you and dragging it upwards. Slowly he brought his fingers up, spreading your opening gently and slipping one strong finger inside of you. He moaned against you at the feeling of how tight you were, bringing his tongue to your swollen bud and adding stimulation as his finger worked your sweet spot inside.

His eyes looked completely intoxicated when he looked at you as he worked. Your scent and taste making his need grow. His teeth teased softly at your clit as he suckled at it, making you bite your lip trying to stay as quiet as you could.

Once he knew you had enough, he crawled back up to you, kissing you deeply and holding your head in one hand while the other pushed your legs apart. Hopper lowered his hips, pushing his cock against your opening and rubbing it in your slick fluids.

He brought the other hand up to your head too, resting on his elbows

on either side. He paused, simply looking at you, taking in your features before brushing his lips on yours again, planting little kisses on them. You had never seen him be so gentle.

“Ready?” he asked. You nodded and gave him a smile. Hopper kissed you once more before pushing into you slowly, your heat wrapping around him perfectly and he stretching you just enough to make you feel so fucking good.

He slowly began to pump himself in and out of you, his breathing heavy in your ear. You bit your lip, whimpering softly to him as you wrapped your arms around him. “I love you,” he whispered, the words making this feel even more electric.

“I love you,” you echo, kissing his shoulder. You could hardly stand keeping this quiet, you swore sex had never felt this good. The raw emotion behind his languid movements made everything feel fucking 100 times better.

“God, you feel so good...” he couldn't keep himself from feeding you praise. He didn't know how else to keep from overflowing with these feelings, this love he felt he could finally express to you. “You're mine... I love you so much... fuck, your pussy is amazing.....tell me you're mine, y/n....baby, please”

“I'm yours, Hopper, all yours.... Every last inch of me belongs to you....nngh, fuck, baby.”

Your walls clenched around him and he knew you are close. “Baby...” he said, “Tell me when.... I'm close....”

You whimpered and moaned softly your climax growing nearer.. he whispered praise to you and it pushed you over the edge, digging your nails into his back and biting down on his shoulder to keep from shouting.

He waited a moment for you to ride out the high before he pulled himself out, spilling his cum on your tummy and panting. He shook, kneeling there a moment surging his head back before hopping off the bed to grab a towel to clean you up with.

Once you were rid of his mess, he laid beside you, pulling you so close and kissing you deeply again. You clung to him as he pet your hair and ran his other hand over your side under the blankets. You never felt more safe and satisfied in your life.

“I can't lose you, Y/N.” he said after a few minutes.

“I'm not going anywhere, Jim. I love you so much. I'm all yours.”

“and I am your's.”